Plowden Stone Farm 
Lydbury North 
Shropshire 
England 
4/11/46

Dear Madam,

I enclose a small poem which I composed for your late husband's memory I composed after his death but I have just plucked up the courage to send it to you. If you will be kind enough to accept it you will make me very happy.

Yours Faithfully

Ann Murray
(Miss)
In Memory of a Comrade

In silence he suffered with what pain he bore
Until God took him home to suffer no more
Britain loved and lost a comrade whose friend it's true and sincere
In long years to come may the memory linger
of a smile that gave us good cheer
We are proud of this gallant comrade for know he was proud of us
From him we took our courage and faith
In him we put our trust
He faced the facts and gave his faith
Never a false hope would be sought.
The welfare of our Empire was forever
in his thoughts.
He stood with us in our grief and
sorrow.
But did not live to share our
smile.
In our darkest days when the
struggle was bitter.
He stood with us side by side.
It is but love we often wonder
why.
The best is always first to die.
Our deepest regret, he did not live
until the end.
Only God knows best why he
took our comrade and friend.